

EXHIBIT 101

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REVOLUTION IN PITTSBURGH

Whenever we speak of folk song as such, we would do well to recall just what it is: the natural lyric expression of, for, and by the great mass of mankind. We would do well to remember also that Western nations have this lyric mass expression just like the rest of mankind, but that among us it has for some time struggled for its existence under a slowly forming over-layer of individually elaborated musical expression of, for, and by comparatively few. We must bear in mind also that this over-layer, in both its fine-art and its "popular" phases, has monopolized the attention and devotion of teachers and other propagators of song so completely that they have left folk song out of their reckoning--all but completely ignored and forgotten it.

Almost everyone agrees that the teachers are right, that folk song in our lofty civilization is being treated according to its deserts. A few, however, believe the contrary. I wish to be included among these few whose belief might be that procedure in musical education, as in other disciplines, must take the form of an abstract of the trend which history and present-day primitive cultures have shown to be universal, and that, if we follow this trend in the matter of singing, we must look on folk song as the foundation of songlore.

I think this view is held by folklorists in general. But it seems that our views have somehow made little impression on those who teach Young America how to sing and what to sing.

In looking for reasons for our impotence, I believe I have found some in the basic disadvantages under which we labor. As a first disadvantage, the musical folklorist is by vocation but rarely a teacher of song. He is more often a teacher of something else, with folk song as his hobby or sideline. Second, while folk song is old, the folklorist is very young. He is a Johnny-come-lately entering a world rather densely populated by mature song teachers of all sorts. They know how and what to teach. Johnny doesn't. And third, his subject-matter is essentially oral and thus fluid in a world whose learning is definitively fixed in print. With these three disadvantages alone, without looking for others, there would seem to be reason enough for the folk-song enthusiast to be kept outside the established temples of learning.

But though he is shut out, he can have the fun of peeking through a crack in the wall and seeing what they are doing in there, and then of going away and talking about what he saw. I have been doing a little peeking. And today I shall, with your indulgence, talk about it.

I have examined six books of song widely used in American public schools today: Songs and Pictures, 1928 and still going strong; Singing America, 1940; three books for the first three grades bearing the common title New Music Horizons, 1944; and

Music, The Universal Language, 1941. These books contain in all 591 songs. I have tabulated them with the idea of finding just what sorts of song are set before our youth and in what comparative quantities. Just a few words in explanation of the table of my results which follows:

SIX BOOKS OF AMERICAN PUBLIC SCHOOL SONG

Song Sorts	Used in Lower Grades			Used in High School
	<u>Songs and Pictures,</u> 1928	<u>Singing America,</u> 1940	<u>New Music Horizons,</u> 1944	<u>Music, The Universal Language,</u> 1941*
Imported Folk Songs	51%	35%	20%	13%
Composed Songs	26%	19%	58%	80%
British Isles Folk Songs	6%	15%	2%	1%
American Folk Songs	4%	27%	18%	4%

*No books representing high-school usage before 1941 were examined.

The figures to the left (three columns) are for the books of the lower grades; those at the right are for the one high-school book examined. Let us explain the left-side figures first.

The three columns give the percentages of different types of song as found in books of succeeding dates from 1928 to 1944. The four song categories at the extreme left are self-explanatory. The top category, foreign folk songs, seems to fly in the face of my assertion that the school people (along with other teachers) have spurned the songs of the folk. That, to be sure, was an over-simplification. The 51% figure represents songs borrowed by the fine-arts musicians from continental European nations; and it reflects, I think, a temporary and politically motivated enthusiasm for the new between-wars Europe which we had a part in forming. It does not reflect, I think, any trend among the American masses or any general urge among teachers. The second figure, 35%, is of songs largely from Latin America. For by 1940 we had discovered, also with some politically tinged enthusiasm, our Good Neighbor to the south. The smallness of the third figure in the first line (20%) may point to a receding

enthusiasm for foreign importations of this sort, or any folk sort, or to a new and overweening interest in composed songs which is shown by the 58% of this brand of pieces in the three New Musical Horizons books. The whole second line of figures points toward a growing monopoly of school song by the composer. And the third and fourth lines show pretty clearly what sort of song suffers from the monopoly.

To the right we see the figures for the only high-school book examined, a 300-page volume of wide popularity. The trends shown already at the left have become extreme here. All folk song is at an all-low; the high-school people have little use for it; composed songs are from the European continent.

I think that this sampling has made clear the school music people's approval of the general and long-standing American musical extroversion and footlessness, and their determination to teach it.

But we are now beginning to hear the voice of the opposition. One voice is that of Charles Seeger, one of the best-informed and broadest-minded of our thinkers on esthetic matters. Seeing clearly the tragic shortcomings of public-school song instruction, he has become quite pessimistic. He declared recently that to introduce the American oral folk-musical tradition into the schools "would be nothing short of a revolution," and that "to have it properly handled would take generations of teacher training."¹

Many will join me in saying amen to his first declaration especially. A revolution? Yes! But it should comfort some of us to bear in mind the fact that revolutions, in these times of fast communication of ideas, can come about quicker than of yore--quicker perhaps than Mr. Seeger thinks. The fact is, indeed, that the song revolution is already breaking out in a region centering in Pittsburgh. And I hope I shall not be charged with hero worship when I declare my conviction that the movement is essentially the results of the work of one man, Jacob A. Evan-son, special supervisor of vocal music for the past few years in Pittsburgh's schools.

Evan-son is an ideal leader of revolution. He has developed his fitness for leadership in song revolution through a succession of struggles with his environment and with himself--struggles in which he has come out the winner.

His first struggle was to become an American. Born of newcomer Norwegian Lutheran parents in a small town of North Dakota (where the population is said to be 115% foreign-born) he

1. In an essay entitled "Music in the Americas," Bulletin of the Pan American Union, lxxix, 6, June, 1945, p.344.

had to acquire his Americanism from the scratch--the hard way. After a college education and, in its wake, a musical education of the conventional fine-arts sort, it dawned on him that that very training could and did blind him to that which was really American in music. So his next struggle was to keep his attainments from dominating him. And when he at last became master of his musical self, he found himself taking up arms against the fixed tonal habits of the great American educational system, the very system in which he saw his greatest and most important field of usefulness. And it is this battle that he is now waging.

His conversion was not sudden. One of his early wholesome revelations came from Sandburg's American Songbag where he saw "Turkey in the Straw" called "as American as corn on the cob." It was also revealing to him to examine the hundreds of religious folk songs in the MS of my first collection. Little by little it dawned on him that his own childhood and youth had had the folk element in them. His older brothers had fiddled "Turkey in the Straw" and other folk tunes. He himself had played "Skip to My Lou" and other singing games--even in North Dakota. And he recalled that those grand Lutheran chorales which he had sung in a little meeting house in Portland, North Dakota, were real folk products. With these recollections and experiences as spurs, he devoured, bit by bit, the whole recorded folk-song lore of the nation. His regeneration was complete.

In Pittsburgh, in the late 1930's, he found himself the chief mentor of song in 100 schools where 175 music teachers stood before 75,000 pupils. These were the forces in the Pittsburgh Revolution which was to come.

Looking on singing as a natural activity, an organic part of life, rather than as a laboriously acquired skill in performing a carefully composed and selected body of single "pieces," he went about the task of integrating Pittsburgh song life with Pittsburgh school life. And the way he went about the accomplishment of that integration was downright clever. He was no bull in the western Pennsylvania china shop. He appeared to accept things as he found them, and then began to add something. He induced his teachers to go out into real life and to find songs, almost any songs. And he suggested that the teachers induce their pupils to do the same. The game became intensely interesting to all. And it worked.

This song-catching activity began in the school year 1941-1942. And at present the grist of songs from Pittsburgh's life--naturally with some eliminations and with some additions made at headquarters--has grown to some 300 items, mostly folk songs.

An example may show more clearly how the scheme worked: Little Grantison Farrish, seven years old, first grade, sang:

There was a little mouse liv'd on a hill, Hm-hm, Hm-hm!
 There was a little mouse liv'd on a hill,
 He was rough and tough like Buffalo Bill, Hm-hm, Hm-hm!

One day he 'cided to take a ride, etc.
 With two six-shooters by his side.

Then Mickey rode till he came to a house,
 And in this house was Minnie Mouse.

Grantison's class learned this song almost as fast as he sang it. His teacher, Mrs. Gladys Zeiler, wrote it down and sent it to headquarters. Jacob Evanson had it mimeographed for all the other first-graders; and thus one of our oldest, best, and widest-spread folk songs, with its new Wild-West thriller ingredient and its Walt Disney names, became the prized possession of tens of thousands of American children most of whom had probably never sung it before.

Nor were the new songs from Pittsburgh's streets and dwellings limited to the older American folk songs. From the homes of the numerous foreign-language-singing Pittsburghers came also a dozen corking ditties. These were translated and sent on their way to supplement and enrich the native store.

The Pittsburgh Revolution is fraught with revelations. Among those which occur to me are that American folk song still lives, even in what may be looked on as a most unfavorable ethnic soil; that folk songs of country life (as most of them are) can and do function in urban life--perhaps as a health-bringing antidote to the latter; that genuine foreign language folk songs from the humble homes of newcomer Americans can become a real gain also for the old-line Americans if such songs are accepted sympathetically and translated properly; that this sort of foreign songs is far different from the processed brand which we find on the concert programs of the "incomparables" under the misleading "folk song" label, and quite comparable to our own folk songs in quality; that folk songs as such are far superior to most of the child-sized concoctions of individuals which fatten most of the school song books; and that folk songs themselves are convincing proof of Jacob Evanson's dictum that "you can't make a tree by sticking boards and sawdust together with plastic wood."

The Pittsburgh Revolution reveals also the foolishness of calling music "the universal language." Song is, to be sure, a universal means of expression. But song, like spoken language, varies from land to land. The vocal anthologies of the schools may thus approach the universal in the sense that Esperanto lays claim to universality. But who would ever be so wild as to suggest that all American children should become Esperantists!

Finally, the Pittsburgh Revolt reveals the falsity of another widely held notion: that the school singing teacher must

have very much very special training to do her work properly. Almost any fairly literate person could, on a pinch, teach the English language, and often does, and well. Not so, many seem to think, with the teacher of English song. Even our wise friend Charles Seeger warned of the "generations of teacher-training" needed, as he believed, to get the oral tradition "properly handled" in the schools. I am less discouraged. The Pittsburgh teachers are already handling the oral tradition properly. And it looks as though all they needed was time enough to un-train a bit, to adjust their sights. Mrs. Zeller was merely Grantison Farrish's scribe. She had merely to write down his tune. But she and the other Pittsburgh music teachers had to learn one important thing: that they must not allow the fine-art music to be a dog in the public-school manger, scaring tens of millions of American children from living their own song life.

-George Pullen Jackson

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SOME EXPERIENCES AT STAGING

In the Warren House, which was an inn at McMinnville back in the stage-coach days, could be read the following sign: "Free rides from McMinnville to Sparta with free dinner at Holder's."

Sam Black had underbid Colonel Price on what we might today call "a star route" to carry the government mails between the above-named points. Black and Price were both leading coachmen in those days, but Price, who was a pioneer in the field, was not to be outdone by his rival.

Price had tried to "buy off" Black's interests at a handsome sum of money. Black would not sell. "I will set the price," said the Colonel, "and will give or take." Still Black persisted. Whereupon, Black and Price entered into a contest of rate cutting resulting ultimately in the bulletin board announcement previously mentioned. It is needless to say that Black was forced out of the field leaving Price with still greater freedom for operation.

"For three months," says Joe Logue of Chapel Hill, Tennessee, an eye witness and a driver of one of Price's stages in those days, "the coaches were loaded with free passengers, and the free dinners at Spencer Holder's (near Quebec) were actually served."

Surfaced roads during those days, in this part of the country, were generally unknown. The roads during the rainy season were next to impassable, and the ice on the slippery roads in winter kept the stage drivers in constant jeopardy. Joe Logue tells of coming to the hill leading to the approach of the ferry at Rock Island on the Caney Fork River one winter's day, and,

being a new driver at that time (having taken the place of his brother George, who was for seven years a driver on this road), offering Jim Rodgers, a ferryman at Rock Island, one dollar to drive the coach onto the ferry, which the latter naturally refused to do.

Nor were the passengers always at ease. "Coming to a long, muddy hill one day," says Logue, "I asked the passengers consisting of four young men and a minister of the Gospel to alight and walk to the top of the hill, which all did except the minister, who insisted upon taking the reins, thus permitting the driver to walk." The minister kept his place in the carriage, insisting that he must participate in a religious service as soon as he might arrive in the vicinity of Sparta.

Two weeks later the minister returned. Sunny days had dried the roads but had not smoothed their surface. Mr. Logue persisted that he made it a point of particular delight to "touch up his four," causing a rather sudden approach to the rough places on the road, bringing forth an honest admission from the passengers at the end of his journey that he had himself been at fault.

The body of the coach was balanced between two immense back and front springs, or leather straps, which served for springs and gave to the passengers on rough roads something of the sensation of sea-sickness, but whose reaction to the jolts in the roads assisted the horses in drawing the coach.

And so these travellers, whose very name comes from the word travail, journeyed amid difficulties and dangers. And they intended merely to journey, the word coming from the Old French urn, meaning a day. And, too, the dangers which infested the trails, or routes of travel, made it necessary to put up for the night. Inns, therefore, were frequent, not only where the pairs might be changed, but where the travellers could stop and rest from too much unnecessary danger.

Exciting days these. It is not surprising that these time-honored inns and taverns should gather round themselves many historic associations. These hostelryes of town and country touched the people at many points. News of events was heard first of all at the inns where the people of the countryside learned to gather in order to keep themselves the better informed. And a tankard of good brandy may have been offered as a toast by a hospitable fireside. Here, too, the horses as well as the passengers were cared for as a responsibility of the innkeeper.

There were many interesting legends associated with some of these early inns.* Not very far from McMinnville on the road between Smithville and Sparta near the bridge which crosses the Caney Fork is a small village today known as Peeled Chest-

* This legend was given by Mrs. W. A. Stewart of Doyle, Tennessee, now deceased.

nut. This road, or Wilderness Trail, was opened in 1785 by an act of the North Carolina legislature. Along it several military posts were established as a protection against the Indians, for convenience of the settlers, and for those who wished to use the road for travel and trade with the eastern settlements.

John Thompson settled midway between two of these military posts and built a log house as proof against the rifleball of the Red Man, and which became a welcome stopping place where teamsters could get a well-cooked meal and where the entire family might spend a pleasant night after the toil and weariness of a day's journey along this wilderness road.

Thompson's family consisted of himself, his wife, several sons, and an adopted daughter, Mary, whose parents had been killed by the Indians. Mary Walton was but five years of age when she found her new parents. The gloom of her bereavement began to leave her as she learned to love her kind protectors.

Mary was eighteen when Pedro Williams first stopped at Thompson's. Pedro was a Spaniard whose father had been killed by the settlers of Nashville in a raid upon an Indian village. Pedro, then only three or four years of age, was taken care of by a Mr. Williams. Growing up in the frontier town of Nashville, he became a teamster making many trips to the eastern settlements of what had now become the State of Tennessee.

Still John Thompson looked upon him with distrust since the Spaniards claimed this country and often incited the Indians to make war on the settlers.

Pedro fell in love with the dark-haired, rosy-cheeked, young girl who glided about preparing the meals and providing for the comfort of the tired teamsters. Her heart went out likewise to the young Spaniard. She saw in him not the intriguing, sinister characteristics of his race as seen by her father, but his own noble qualities. He stopped many times at Thompson's, each time becoming more and more infatuated with the lovely girl who made his stay so pleasant, soon winning from her the assurance that she would be willing to become his wife.

Mr. Thompson learned of this and told Mary that she should not marry a Spaniard. Soon after this a party of teamsters stopped at Thompson's. Pedro was one of them. He and Mary took a walk to the "blue spring," a spring so deep that the limpid water takes an azure hue, and from which the stream descends by gentle cascades to a deep ravine and then swells the waters of the Cane Fork.

Seated by one of these cascades, Mary told Pedro of her foster father's objections; and that, though she loved him truly, she felt that she must respect her father's wishes. The brave girl hid her sorrows while her lover was almost frantic.

A low muttering of thunder could be heard from behind the hills. A storm was rapidly gathering in the skies as it was already about to break from the breast of the young Spaniard. They now hastened homeward but had to take refuge as they reached the top of the hill where the storm broke upon them. Taking shelter under the leafy boughs of a large chestnut tree, Pedro continued to plead with her to become his wife: "Be my own. They do not love you as I do. Start to Nashville with me to-night."

But Mary replied, "It is impossible. This must be our last talk, Pedro; I know that you love me, but we must part. I would rather die than be undutiful to those who have been the kindest of parents to me."

"Then would to God I could die with you," exclaimed Pedro. At that a crushing sound was heard. One hour later as the storm broke and the last rays of a setting sun illuminated the sky and caused the dripping leaves on the nearby trees to sparkle, the teamsters wandered forth little thinking what they should find.

Coming to the top of the hill, they found the old chestnut tree with its top torn to splinters and its trunk stripped of its bark; and there on the damp reeking earth at the foot of the tree were the forms of the two lovers cold in death side by side. And this, I am told, is the reason why the little village clustered around the same spot is today called Peeled Chestnut.

The General Assembly of North Carolina in 1735 enacted a law providing for a force of three hundred men to protect the Cumberland Settlements, and "made it the duty of these soldiers or guards to clear or cut a road from the lower end of Clinch Mountain to Nashville by the most eligible route." This road was improved and shortened across the Cumberland Mountains by way of Knoxville, Rockwood, Crab Orchard, Crossville, Bon Air, Sparta, Smithville and Lebanon that same year.

"Each private soldier was to receive 400 acres of land for each six months of service in the construction of the road. The officers were paid in a similar manner.

"The field officers of the counties were authorized and directed when informed that a number of families were beyond the Cumberland Mountains waiting for an escort to conduct them to the Cumberland Settlements, to raise militia guards to consist of not more than fifty men to act as an escort. The expenses of these guards were to be defrayed from a poll tax which the county courts were authorized to levy. Thus the settlements grew rapidly so that Davidson County was divided in order to set up a new county called Tennessee."

In the State Gazette of North Carolina under date of Novem-

ber 28, 1788, Colonel Robertson published the following notice: "The new road from Campbell's Station to Nashville was opened on the 25th of September, and the guard attended at that time to escort such persons as were ready to proceed to Nashville; that about sixty families had gone on,--and that on the first day of October, next, the guard would attend at the same place for the same purpose."

This little background is given in an attempt to revive a bit of the setting along these early routes of travel over which the stages were soon to be carrying both passengers and mail.

In 1826, Samuel Clenny, living near Crab Orchard in Grassy Cove, deep within the Cumberlands, began to carry the first mails to arrive in these parts from the East. What is the more remarkable, this young bravado was a youth of only fifteen. His father ran the local postoffice at Crab Orchard. There were no qualifications for such a position in those days except the rare courage to face the wilderness and the dire necessity of life which created the urge.

These mails soon began to reach such points as Crossville, Sparta, Smithville, and finally Gallatin. Travel across the mountains as well as the delivery of the mails before the days of the stagecoach was on horseback.

Stephen W. Johnson, father of Mrs. W. A. Stewart of Doyle, Tennessee, for many years operated a postoffice and an inn at Peeled Chestnut. This was the point where the horses were changed between Bon Air and Smithville. Four horses were used to each stage and made the trip daily. "Stages were often crowded," said Mrs. Stewart.

Mrs. Alice Morgan, living near Doyle at the time of the interview, an aged daughter of Mr. Clenny, recalls her father's account of the first stage that he ever saw. He was riding his mail route through the Cumberlands when suddenly he saw a man's head rise above the approaching hill. The man was seated high upon the stagecoach of which he was the driver. "I thought that this was the most beautiful thing that I had ever seen," said Mr. Clenny.

Letters were rated according to the number of pages and the distance sent. Mr. Clenny often arrived in Gallatin with letters on which the charges for a single letter were fifty cents or more. The receiver was often unable to or refused to pay the charges, and the letter was returned to the sender.

The mails were later carried on the stages. Mr. Clenny drove one of these for many years and often had as his passenger Andrew Jackson, who made frequent trips East.

Mrs. Morgan recalled a story told by her father of a Mr. Dooley who was hanged at Sparta and whose spirit, or ghost, was

seen by many stage drivers near the foot of the mountain. Mr. Clenny, taking it upon himself to investigate the mystery, found the reputed ghost to be a tree which had been neatly stripped of its bark.

Indians often accosted these settlers in their homes, according to Mrs. Morgan. "They would come to our house for meat," she explained, "and it was always necessary to give a piece to each of them since they knew nothing whatever of sharing with one another." She said that the Indians would come for the entrails of hogs at killing time. Emptied of their contents, these were washed in some stream and broiled as a delicacy. She also recalled the account of a Mr. Slogle, who was burned at the stake.

Leading out of the Carolinas and Virginia through Cumberland Gap in Kentucky was the Wilderness Road. This trail turned southward at Danville, above Boonesboro, Kentucky, in a direct route to Nashville. From Nashville on to Natchez, Mississippi, it was known as the Natchez Trace. From Cumberland Gap leading southward by way of Knoxville were the Old Walton Road and the Immigrant Trails now known as highways 70-North and 70-South. These were the routes taken by those travelling long distances and over which the first mail and stage routes were established.

The principal early danger along the pioneer trails, as already pointed out, was the Indian. A military escort relieved the pioneer of a portion of this difficulty. But soon a danger more dreadful than the Indian or the wild beast of the forest was to appear--it was the cut-throat and the highwayman. Between 1800 and 1830 no man's life was safe who turned his face toward the solitudes of the wilderness.

Mrs. Morgan, previously mentioned, said that her father kept the inn and ordinary at Crab Orchard for a portion of this period of time. Between Crab Orchard and Rock Castle the road traversed a stretch of wilderness torn by ravines and infested by dangers that no one would dare face alone. Travellers would often advertise at the inn, or in some remoter newspaper, that they would leave the inn at a certain time and so journey in groups to lessen the dangers of peril.

"Superstition was the only thing of which these pioneers were positively afraid," said Mrs. Morgan. She added this story, which has a little tinge of O. Henry: "The dead body of a man was being kept in an unused upstairs room awaiting certain relatives of the deceased. Two travellers stopped for the night. They were given an upstairs room adjoining the one occupied by the dead man. The men were under the spell of the lonely wilderness. One of the men got up during the night and, in the darkness, reentered the door of the forbidden room instead of his own. Crawling under the sheet with the dead man, he soon discovered that his companion was cold and stiff. He cried out to the proprietor of the house, who came up to investigate. The proprietor reached the head of the stairs just as the other man was walking from the dead man's chamber.

Thinking that the dead man had come alive, he too was desperate with affright until the other man's awakened companion came upon the scene and explained what had happened." But death, mysteriously or not, was accomplished frequently at some wayside inn.

At Old Bon Air, at a point overlooking the valley in which Sparta is located, is the ruins of an old inn which was kept during these early days and which was a convenient stopping place for people riding horseback and stagecoaches through the Cumberlands. This inn was used almost down to the time of the Civil War. Andrew Jackson often stopped here on his way from the Hermitage to Washington and, according to certain reports, sometimes worshipped at a little church in the valley at the foot of the mountain. Here the traveller or journeyman often spent the night before starting upon the long and sometimes dangerous trail through the mountains, or perhaps to rest after the journey was done.

An old register kept at this inn during the 1840's gives the names of many of the celebrities that stopped here. A few of these names are recalled in order to indicate that this was not only the main route of travel between the South and East some hundred years ago, but that political personages representing this area frequented this route in their contacts with the nation's Capital:

John Wyty, Washington
W. M. Young, Mississippi
J. G. Wharton, Denmark
Charles Ready, Murfreesboro
Hon. D. W. Dickinson, Murfreesboro

Two Federal prisoners, date Sept. 25, 1843: J. M. Bell, 1848; John Warren, 1843.

M. Carlton, Missouri
Col. R. H. Brown, Louisiana
E. P. Rucker, Virginia
G. B. Ragsdale, Washington Co.
J. J. Lawing, North Carolina
Mrs. Flowers and Son, Western District, Tennessee
R. G. Wilder, New York
A. A. Battle and Family, Greenville City, Virginia
General William Martin, Louisiana
Representatives Wm. Fisher, Bolivar; Isaac
Franklin and five servants, Gallatin
Dr. Sneed, Texas
N. Rhoder, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. C. Fisher, Whig, Lebanon, July 5, 1840
John Bell, Murfreesboro
Hon. Felix Grundy, 1840
Gov. Jones, Nashville, 1843
Hon. G. W. Jones, Lincoln Co.
James K. Polk, 1844
Andrew Jackson

Near Readyville, on the Memphis-to-Bristol highway between Murfreesboro and Woodbury, is a long hill known in earlier times, and by many still known as "Driver's Hill."

On the side of this hill near its crest is a lonely grave. So lonely it is that the exact location is not known. This is the grave of a gay teamster back in the stagecoach days.

It happened this way. This highway was once a stage road from Nashville and Sparta to points east. There were few improved roads in those days so that the hills were usually rough and steep. This particular hill was more than a mile in length. It was the hill most dreaded by the best teamsters. It was the hill likewise where many an oath sent back its echo from some neighboring hillside.

One driver in particular treasured the memory of experiences like these and, may I say, came to love those echoes which he listened to from day to day and which haunted him by night. He was a good teamster, and as he grew old in the service, he loved this old hill as much as he dreaded it.

As a dying request he asked that he might be buried near the top of the hill where he could listen to the spirits of his departed comrades cursing their teams as they slowly pulled the grade. And this is why the hill has, since that day, been known as "Driver's Hill."

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Mellinger Edward Henry, 72, outstanding collector of folk songs in the Southern Appalachians, died in a local hospital in his Ridgelyfield, New Jersey, home on January 31, 1946. He was one of those folklorists known as the "Harvard" group and was widely known through his compilations "Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians," "Folk Songs of the Southern Highlands," and "Beech Mountain Ballads." He was known and loved in the region of his long activity by folklorists and folk singers alike.

American folklore will remember Mr. Henry and his wife, Florence Stokes Henry, who was his constant companion on collection tours, especially for their uncovering of many unique versions of Old World songs, some of which, like "King Henry the Fifth's Conquest of France," had hitherto not been recorded in this country.

A teacher of English in New Jersey high schools and a song collector in much of his spare time, Mr. Henry also lived among the folk and was one of the most indefatigable hikers of the Appalachian Trail Society, having covered all but a few miles of the entire length of the trail from Mount Katahdin in Maine to its south end in Georgia.

He will be widely missed by those others who, like him, love their land, its people, and their songs.

* * * *

We regret an error in the last issue. Through some oversight Dr. Susan Riley was listed as president. Dr. Riley was our president two years ago; but our president in 1945 was Mrs. L. L. McDowell, who was re-elected at the last meeting for this year as well.

Our sincere apologies to Mrs. McDowell.

* * * *

Mr. E. G. Rogers, author of "Some Experiences at Staging" in this issue, sends some supplementary material that he found after his article was written. It deals with the "big hill," and it is contained in a letter written him by Dean Mary Hall of Middle Tennessee State College. Dean Hall incidentally is a new member of TFS.

We quote from the letter:

"A man by the name of Simeon Peak settled by a spring at the foot of that big hill. I suppose it must have been about the time my great-great-grandfather came where we live--around 1800. Our families were friends, of course,

being neighbors.

"When the stage road was built it was first planned to go down the valley and miss the hill, but Uncle Simeon gave a large sum of money for the road to come over the hill and by his house. He was a man of considerable wealth for those days.

"He owned that hill, which has always been called "Peak's Hill," and many acres in the valley. He was a very friendly soul and loved to talk. He got a great deal of pleasure out of the road.

"His house was not the stage stop. That was down in the village, but his house came to be the place where many wagoners spent the night. They were his good friends.

"Simeon Peak lived to be a very old man. Before he died he asked to be buried beside the road about half way up the hill so he could hear the wagons as they went over. The grave is there to-day. It is built up a couple of feet with stone and has a stone slab over it.

"I have asked my father many times as we passed, 'Reckon Uncle Simeon hears us?'

"I had lunch in that house last Sunday. Only four families have ever lived there."